



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

have no question that the opinion of those most competent to judge will coincide with and confirm that which we have ventured to express concerning the worth of Mr. Dana's notes to the present edition of Wheaton's Treatise, and we trust that in future editions he may add still further to the value of the work and to his own distinguished reputation.

ART. VI. — *Harvard Memorial Biographies.* Cambridge : Sever and Francis. 1866. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 478, 512.

THESE volumes are a memorial interesting not to the graduates of Harvard University alone, but to every American. They contain a gallery of portraits such as can nowhere else be found. Never before was there such a record of youth as is here set forth. For most of the ninety-five biographies in these volumes are of very young men, who gave their lives to the service of their country, having received such culture as our most famous and ancient University could bestow. These young men were fair specimens of the most highly educated youth of America, but exceptional in no respect save in this point of college education ; not nobler or better than their college companions, not nobler or better in native qualities than the young farmer from Maine or Illinois, or the young shop-boy from New York, or the mechanic from Philadelphia, whose blood was shed upon the same fields where they fell, but happier perhaps than farmer, shop-boy, or mechanic in having their characters developed by richer culture, and happier than their companions in having been blessed with the privilege of voluntarily offering themselves to maintain and advance the cause of human rights, of liberty, and of law, and of dying for their country in the contest in support of this cause. They truly represent their race and time. They are the genuine sons of America

“ Quæ cum magna modis multis videtur
Gentibus humanis, regio visendaque fertur,
Rebus optima bonis, multa munita virum vi,
Nil tamen his habuisse viris præclarior in se
Nec sanctum magis, et mirum, carumque videtur.”

The volumes have been prepared and published under a vote of the Alumni of the College, desirous in all ways to do honor to those of their brothers who had done so much to illustrate the annals of the University. The series of memoirs comprises biographies only of those graduates or former undergraduates of Harvard University who fell in battle, or died in consequence of wounds received or diseases contracted during service in the army or navy. Former members of the Professional Schools of the University, not graduates of her Academical Department, are not included. The volumes have been edited by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, than whom no one was better fitted, by sympathy, by experience, and by literary accomplishment, for the task. His own name is inscribed upon the College roll of honor with twofold distinction gained in literature and in war. Accepting the colonelcy of the First South Carolina Volunteers, the first regiment of colored troops raised under the direct authority of the United States, at a time when doubts as to the efficiency of negro soldiers still prevailed, he showed his confidence in the manly qualities of the oppressed race whose warm and able advocate he had always been, and gave the benefit of his character and example to the experiment upon the issue of which hung results whose magnitude no man appreciated more fully and solemnly than himself. For two years he served his country and the cause of man in this post; and when, in October, 1864, he was discharged for disability resulting from a wound and disease contracted in the service, the experiment had been crowned with a success that amply justified his faith. To Colonel Higginson, then, the task of editing these Memorial Biographies was wisely intrusted.

Of the nearly one hundred biographies comprised in the two volumes, "more than three quarters have been prepared by Harvard graduates, and more than one quarter by graduates who have themselves served in the army." The remainder are by near relatives or friends of those whose lives are recorded in them. The "Roll of Students of Harvard University who served in the Army or Navy of the United States during the War of the Rebellion" contains the names of nearly six hundred (five hundred and eighty-nine) grad-

uates and undergraduates who entered the service of the country; and it thus appears that the Memorial Biographies embrace the record of almost exactly one sixth of the whole number. These student soldiers were not sparing of their lives. The long list of the dead shows that they were ready to go wherever duty summoned or wherever honor led; and as one of them wrote, "As they went because they *ought*, so that *ought* kept them fairly up to the work."

There was, indeed, a prevailing sense of duty among these men. Few of them were led by motives of mere ambition, by love of war, or by desire of applause, to enter their country's service, but most of them devoted themselves to her cause because they felt that they owed to it all that it could ask of them, all that they were able to give. "The man who pauses to think of himself, of his affairs, of his family even, when he has public duties to perform, and his country lies prostrate, almost in the agonies of dissolution, is not the man to save it." These words of General Wadsworth, the eldest of those whose lives are recorded in this book, which display the spirit with which he was animated, are repeated in various forms by many of the younger members of this shining band. The simple, manly, and modest expression of self-consecration contained in the opening sentences of Colonel Porter's will might well be taken for the motto of the book, and deserve to be held in remembrance as the characteristic expression, not only of his own high nature, but also of the motives and feelings of many of his brothers in studies and arms. He could have left no better legacy to his country than these words in connection with and illustration of the example of his life and death.

"I, Peter Augustus Porter, being of sound mind, do declare this to be my last will and testament; feeling, to its full extent, the probability that I may not return from the path of duty on which I have entered. If it please God that it be so, I can say, with truth, that I have entered on the course of danger with no ambitious aspirations, nor with the idea that I am fitted, by nature or experience, to be of any important service to the government; but in obedience to the call of duty, demanding every citizen to contribute what he could, in means, labor, or life, to sustain the government of his country, — a sacrifice made the more willingly by me, when I consider how singu-

larly benefited I have been by the institutions of the land, and that, up to this time, all the blessings of life have been showered upon me beyond what usually falls to the lot of man."

The same spirit that is manifest in these sentences reappears again and again in the accounts of other lives. In the memoir of Lieutenant Thomas Jefferson Spurr it is said:—

"His mother was a widow, and he her only surviving child. It was only after a great struggle that he could make up his mind to leave her. He held very strong convictions, and, believing that the North was right beyond question in the contest, was fervent in his wishes for its success. He felt as so many young men felt when the war broke out, that he must do something for his country. He was not moved by the love of glory or adventure, although, being of good constitution, he did not fear hardship. He went because it was his duty to go."

Even those who, under the operation of a variety of motives, doubted how far they were influenced by a sense of duty in entering the service, showed in their very doubt how steadily this sense abided with them. Thus Captain Sturgis Hooper, obliged to leave New England on account of his health, and in this necessity finding the opportunity he had long desired of entering the service, writes:—

"I never claimed the praise of going to the war from a sense of duty; and yet when I see, as I do here, men who are really leaving all that home has pleasant for them from a real sense of duty, it makes me ashamed almost of the motives which prompted me to come, and at the same time gives me some satisfaction in thinking that, if I am not acting from the same high motives that some others are, I am at least doing the same thing, just as much as if my motives were less personal."

It would be easy to cite many more examples of the spirit which is displayed in the preceding extracts. It is the characteristic spirit of the lives here recorded. There can be no question as to its genuineness or sincerity. It was not a delusion or a pretence. These men felt as they spoke, and their careers prove that their sense of duty was no disguise of selfishness, no flush of enthusiasm, was no fleeting ardor of sacrifice, no youthful and transient moral zeal, but was the serious and sustained conviction of their souls, the support

of simple, upright, and liberal manhood. There is nothing conventional, forced, or professional in their expressions concerning the motives and purposes of their lives, and there is entire harmony between the words and the deeds which followed and fulfilled them. This moral earnestness was not a trick of speech, or traditional formalism. It was an inheritance from a moral ancestry, and the result of education in New England principles, and under the influence of those ideas upon which the social and political institutions of America repose. It was in the very nature of these men and youths,— theirs by right of individual assimilation ; they could not be themselves and not possess it.

Every circumstance of the time tended to bring out into full activity the sense of duty in the loyal citizens of the North. The enthusiasm with which every great war is accompanied rouses feelings which common life leaves for the most part inert ; but the war in which we were suddenly engaged was no common contest for dominion, conquest, or defence. It was a war in its essential nature moral ; the clash of arms was symbolic of the deeper clash of ideas. And the enthusiasm which it evoked was not a brutal passion, the mere outburst of hot blood, but was of necessity moral, and the source of excitement of all high moral energies. The pulses, quickened at the sound of the drum or the cannon, beat in unison with inward throbs of sacred emotion and generous purpose. Men and boys went to war, not because they loved fighting, not because they loved their country with narrow and partisan affection, and were eager to take up her cause, whatever that cause might be, but because they felt and knew, without perhaps always formulating their feeling and thought in precise words, that the cause of their country was now that cause which has an inde-feasible and absolute right to the complete allegiance of every good man, — that it was the cause of man himself, the cause of Christian civilization. Lieutenant James Jackson Lowell, of sweet and honored memory, expressed this in a letter which he wrote to some of his classmates to acknowledge the gift of a sword which they had presented to him, to replace one which he had lost at Ball's Bluff, where he had been severely wounded. Let not those, he said, who never returned be forgotten ; those

“ who died for the cause, not of the Constitution and the laws, — a superficial cause, the Rebels have now the same, — but of civilization and law, and the self-restrained freedom which is their result. As the Greeks at Marathon and Salamis, Charles Martel and the Franks at Tours, and the Germans at the Danube, saved Europe from Asiatic barbarism, so we, at places to be famous in future times, shall have saved America from a similar tide of barbarism ; and we may hope to be purified and strengthened ourselves by the struggle.”

We dwell on this point, not alone because it serves to show how it was that this sense of duty was so prevalent and so strong among the thoughtful and educated men who entered the service, but because the nation is constantly in need of reminding of the height of her great argument in war, and because in no way can the true nature of the principles which give form to our institutions be more effectively illustrated, than by exhibiting their operation on the lives of men who proved their faith in them by the supreme test of devotion. If their faith were vain, then were they of all men most miserable ; but they were steadfast, immovable, abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as they knew that their labor was not in vain in the Lord. For the war in which the nation was engaged was but the latest form of the enduring contest between good and evil. The opposing forces were brought into more open conflict than is their wont in this perpetual struggle. To this war every man is born ; in its battles, provided only he be on the right side, “ any man may happily die, and forth from this war have arisen all the highest sanctities and virtues of humanity.”

Men with such a spirit as these Harvard youths possessed, serving in the cause in which they were enlisted, could not but make good soldiers. The nature of the war raised, confirmed, and purified all that was best in them. Not one of them loved war for its own sake ; scarcely one but had to overcome the natural aversion of a well-occupied and orderly nature to war ; scarcely one entered the army with the intention of adopting the military profession as the occupation of his life. They volunteered for three months, three years, or the war, as the case might be ; and though there were few who did not find the hardships and weariness of the life greater than they

anticipated, their experience seemed only to create or confirm their resolve to serve as long as the war should last, or as their own lives should be spared. Over and over again we find in these memoirs such expressions as, "If this war were to last a lifetime, I will see the end. No matter for the blues; let them come if they will; I stay till the end comes."

"I never had any taste for army life, and what I have seen since I enlisted has increased my dislike," wrote Private Tebbetts. "I am not sorry that I enlisted when I did; but when my term of enlistment expires, I think I will leave the army." When his term of enlistment expired, he re-enlisted in the ranks, replying to a friend who urged him to seek the promotion for which he was peculiarly qualified, "The country needs *men*, not officers; and though as an officer I should associate with men of higher rank, they would not be men of higher integrity and virtue." Before the war ended this pure and modest soldier fell a victim to the tortures of Andersonville and Millen.

"This war has got to be fought out to the end," wrote the gallant young Lieutenant Storrow, "be that two years or twenty distant. Victory *must* be the result." The following words are from a letter written in 1862 by Major Howe, of whom his commander wrote, "It is not enough to say that he was brave; many are that. But he was most unusually cool, brave, and gallant."

"I am convinced," said he, "this is to be no short or trivial war. Who is to say when we have fought enough? . . . War is a sad thing, after all. I pity the friends who stay at home to mourn, more than those who go to die. I am ready to die in this cause. From the first I gave myself wholly to it."

Sergeant Charles Brooks Brown, one of the most modest and high-minded of soldiers, writes from the hospital where he was lying ill: —

"I am sorry you think I have done my share in putting down the Rebellion. I do not. My experience up to this time has only served to make me anxious to conclude the war and to be in at the death. Do not imagine that I admire military service, or am at all fond of martial pomp. Far from it. But my entire sympathies are enlisted in putting down this Rebellion. It is the old conflict, — the Round-heads and the Cavaliers; and one or the other must succumb."

Thus hating war, these men were as good soldiers as the world ever knew. There is no need to say that they were brave. "Courage is a mere matter of course among any ordinarily well-born youths." But the spirit with which they turned from all that was alluring in peaceful life, and from the quiet pursuits to which they had given themselves, is the proof of a different sort of valor from the brutal bravery of unthinking youth, or from the courage which springs from the stout arm alone. Theirs was the courage of the valiant heart. They carried the virtues of pure households with them to the camp, and kept their souls as pure and their hearts as tender in the army as in their own homes. There was no Puritan stiffness or narrowness in their virtues, no pretence of piety, no rigor of asceticism in their lives; but if ever soldiers meant to be true and worthy men, tried to keep their lives stainless, to be kind and modest and pitiful and reverent, these were they.

"Manly and gentle, pure and noble-hearted," they were equal to the new and hard duties of their choice, and the same hand that could load the rifle or strike with the sword was ready, as soon as the battle was over, to write to the mother or the sister, or the beloved one, whose love made life precious, and the anticipation of whose sorrow sometimes made the thought of death bitter.

It may be fancied that these biographies, written by friends of the dead, are of the nature of eulogies. But this is not the case. No doubt there are some of them in which a too partial friendship has failed to draw clearly the less pleasing traits of personal character, or has hidden the faults which might have seemed to mar the foretold excellence. There is no need to make excuse for this. But, in the main, these Harvard soldiers are their own biographers, and it is from themselves, or from eyewitnesses of their army life, that we learn their worth.

"Mr. Goodrich," wrote the lieutenant of his company, "has lived the life of a Christian from the day he enlisted to the day of his death."

Chaplain Twichell, writing of Colonel William Oliver Stevens, says, and his words are borne out by the record:—

“He lacked no quality requisite to the utmost success in the profession of arms. . . . As a man, too, he was singularly free from faults. To his soldierly traits and accomplishments he added the rarer virtues of Christian morality. He was a steadfast example of modesty, purity, and temperance ; yet, at the same time, his tent was one of the cheeriest places to spend an evening in that the army afforded, for he was the most genial entertainer, and knew the art of good-fellowship to perfection. His generosity and charity were of the kind that never faileth.”

Colonel Shaw, whose own military life was an example of all that a soldier's life should be, wrote, after the death of his companion in arms, James Savage : —

“There is no life like the one we have been leading to show what a man is really made of ; and Jim's true purity, conscientiousness, and manliness were well known to us all. The mere fact of having him among us did us all much good. . . . Neither shall I ever forget the three weeks I lived in the same room with him at Frederick, when I learned how truly good a man can be. . . . Out of his own family, there can be no more sincere mourning for his loss than in this regiment ; and the best wish we can have for a friend is, that he may resemble James Savage.”

But such extracts as these, however multiplied they may be, fail to convey the just impression of the characters recorded in these volumes. That impression is the result of the book taken as a whole ; it is the summary of these hundred lives. The successive narratives are like portions of a connected story, each illustrating and illustrated by the rest ; and it is not till one knows the meaning and worth of all that he can fully estimate and interpret any special life. The deepest interest that attaches to these volumes is not so much that which springs from the charm and beauty of individual biographies, as in the evidence which they give of a character common to all the lives included within them. The great library of American biography contains no volumes so instructive or so precious as these, as revealing the existence of a new type of character in the world. For the first time we find a sufficient number of instances to allow safe inductions to be drawn from them, of characters formed and lives led under the influences now at work in America. Our institutions are here manifested in their result

upon character. We see the pure product of America. These men are essentially Americans. And, inasmuch as most of these biographies are stories of the lives of very young men, we find in them not only the proof of what American manhood now is, but the indication of what it is to be, the manifestation of that ideal toward which it is rising, alike by unconscious growth and conscious effort. The biography of youth is always the story of the future, the record of promise which is yet to be fulfilled, the statement of the ideal of the age. We read in it of what the world is to become, as well as of what it is.

It is impossible to read these biographies without acquiring the conviction that the new order of social relations and of religious and political institutions which has gradually developed in America, has already resulted in the formation of a type of character such as has not been known before. The spirit of humanity and of equal rights, the absence of factitious class divisions, the freedom of mental action, the establishment of our political system upon a moral basis, by which each individual of the community is made to feel his responsibility as a member of the general political organization, the religious liberty, — all, in short, which constitutes the essential nature of our democratic commonwealth, all that gives us consciousness of a distinct moral nationality, is maturing a national character, the original and independent traits of which are delineated in these volumes as in no others. Till this generation, till within the past thirty years, we were for the most part provincial, colonial, rude, and unformed. Our ideas were a mingling of native and foreign, which we knew not well how to discriminate. We felt our actual dependence, our unrealized independence. We had the boastful self-confidence of youth, rather than the solid self-reliance of manhood. It is only within a few years that we have passed out of this stage of immaturity. There is still much that is raw, imperfect, and barbarous in our civilization; but the ideas and principles which inspire us as a nation have gradually been moulding us to their own likeness. We are getting rid of old-world things, and gradually becoming accustomed to the new. We are forming new creeds, new judgments, new manners; we are becoming a new race of men. We have become a new

nation, with a national character different from any that has heretofore existed.

And this fact, of such significance to ourselves, is of hardly less significance to other nations ; for our character is formed under influences which are, in the future, to prevail more or less absolutely over the civilized world. We have reduced to practice here principles of universal application and of eternal validity, — principles whose nature it is to acquire perpetually increase of strength, and to compel opposing principles to unwilling and reluctant submission. These principles, though acknowledged by us, and accepted as the axioms of our religious, political, and social life, have by no means developed their full power. They are still resisted, and there is still a vigorous contest to be waged before they shall become supreme and unopposed in America. It was to maintain these distinctively American principles, in the sense that here for the first time they have been embodied in institutions and accepted as rules of national and individual action, — it was to maintain these that the North fought in the war of Rebellion ; and the moral effect of these principles upon the American character is exhibited, not only in the manner in which the war was conducted to a successful issue, but also in the lives of the youths who went forth to battle from pure and happy homes, from the quiet paths of colleges, or the busy streets of cities. There was no need of long military or Spartan training to make these boys good soldiers ; such principles as those in which they had been bred made them good men alike in war or in peace.

These volumes, then, have an importance and a worth beyond that which the nobility and loveliness of the special lives of the dead soldiers of Harvard give to them. They read to us what a future built by such men as these is to be. They confirm our faith in the principles under whose influence such characters were formed. Upon the foreheads of these youths shines the light of a happier day, and they lead the way rejoicing toward the kingdom of Heaven upon earth.

For in these men, in the type of character which they display, the qualities essential to the best manhood are embodied. The ideal of manhood, as represented here, is more complete and generous than any Greek or Roman ideal. No romantic

hero of mediæval chivalry — no Sir Lancelot or Sir Galahad, no St. Louis or Chevalier Bayard — affords so good an image of what a man should be, as that drawn from the lives of these average soldiers of our war. America may well be proud of these sons who died for her; for their lives and deaths prove that they were not only men stout of arm and heart, but truthful, pure, tender, considerate of others, faithful to duty; and their lives and deaths show what is now the ideal of American manhood.

ART. VII. — *A Brief Treatise upon Constitutional and Party Questions, and the History of Political Parties, as I received it orally from the late Senator Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois.*
By J. MADISON CUTTS, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. A.
New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 221.

THE compiler or editor of this little book is the brother-in-law of the late Mr. Douglas, and explains in the Preface the character and authenticity of his work. "In the summer of 1859, Mr. Douglas remained in Washington; and as I was very desirous of receiving from him a statement of his own political faith, with the general views of a statesman upon constitutional, political, and party questions, I prepared, with his consent, a brief analysis of such subjects as I wished him to explain to me. We were in the habit of spending an hour together each evening, until all the questions I had proposed were answered." It is a work of no practical value. Its general historical information is vague and unsatisfactory; and its particular statements are often palpably untrue, as when, upon page 121, Mr. Douglas says that "nearly all the Republicans throughout the country went into its lodges," — meaning the ranks of the Know-Nothing party. This is a good illustration of the looseness with which Mr. Douglas was in the habit of stating facts. Thus, in his article upon the dividing line between federal and local authority, published in Harper's Magazine, which was an elaboration of all his speeches during the